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CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"You are very unjust, my lady," answered the Frenchman. "Believe me, I am your friend."

She lay back, moaning for some seconds; then, struck by a new thought, she looked up wearily.

"I see how it is! You want money!"

"I am not a rich man, madame," answered Caussidiere, smiling.

"If I give you a hundred pounds will you leave this place, and never let me see your face again?"

Caussidiere mused.

"One hundred pounds. It is not much."

"Two hundred!" exclaimed the lady, eagerly.

"Two hundred is better, but still not much. With two hundred pounds—and fifty—I might even deny myself the pleasure of your charming acquaintance."

Miss Hetherington turned toward her desk, and reached her trembling hand toward her check-book, which lay there ready.

"If I give ye two hundred and fifty pounds will you do as I bid ye? Leave this place forever, and speak no word of what has passed to Marjorie Annan?"

"Yes," said Caussidiere, "I think I can promise that."

Quickly and nervously Miss Hetherington filled up a check.

"Please do not cross it," suggested Caussidiere. "I will draw the money at your banker's in Dumfries."

The lady tore off the check, but still hesitated.

"Can I trust ye?" she muttered. "I knew it was siller ye sought, and not the lassie, but——"

"You may rely upon my promise that I shall return forthwith to France, where a great political career lies open before me."

"Will you put it in writing?"

"It is needless. I have given you my word. Besides, madame, it is better that such arrangements as these should not be written in black and white. Papers may fall into strange hands, as you are aware, and the result might be unfortunate—for you."

She shuddered and groaned as he spoke, and forthwith handed him the check. He glanced at it, folded it up, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then he rose to go.

"As I informed you before," he said, "you have nothing to fear from me. My only wish is to secure your good esteem."

"When will you gang?" demanded Miss Hetherington.

"In the course of the next few days. I have some little arrangements, a few bills to settle, and then—en route to France."

He bowed again, and gracefully retired. Passing downstairs, and out at the front door, he again hummed gaily to himself. As he strolled down the avenue he drew forth the check and inspected it again.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" he said, laughing. "How good of her, how liberal, to pay our traveling expenses!"

Meantime, Miss Hetherington sat in her gloomy boudoir, looking the picture of misery and despair. Her eyes worked wildly, her lips trembled convulsively.

"Oh, Hugh, my brother Hugh," she cried, wringing her hands; "if ye were living, to take this scoundrel by the throat! Will he keep his word? Maybe I am mad to trust him! I must wait and wait till he's awa'. I'll send down for the bairn this day! She's safer here with me!"

CHAPTER XIX.

IMMEDIATELY after his interview with Miss Hetherington, Caussidiere disappeared from the neighborhood for some days; a fact which caused Marjorie little or no concern, as she had her own suspicion as to the cause of his absence. Her heart was greatly troubled, for she could not shake off the sense of the deception she was practicing on those most interested in her welfare.

While she was waiting and debating, she received a visit from the lady of the Castle, who drove down, post-haste, and stalked into the manse full of evident determination. Marjorie was sent for at once, and coming down-stairs, found Miss Hetherington and Mr. Menteith waiting for her in the study.

"It's all settled, Marjorie," said the impulsive lady. "You're to come home with me to the Castle this very day."

Marjorie started in astonishment, but before she could make any reply, Mr. Menteith interposed.

"You cannot do better, my child, than accept Miss Hetherington's most generous invitation. The day after to-morrow, as you are aware, the sale will take place, and this will be no longer your home. Miss Hetherington is good enough to offer you a shelter until such time as we can decide about your future mode of life."

"Just so," said the lady, decisively. "Pack your things, and come awa' wi' me in the carriage."

"I know you are very kind," returned Marjorie, "and maybe you'll be thinking I'm ungrateful. Mr. Lorraine always said you were my best friend. But I cannot come with you to-day."

"When will you come?" demanded the lady.

"Give me time, please," pleaded Marjorie; "in a day or two, maybe—after the sale. I should like to stay till I can stay no more."

So it was settled, to Marjorie's great relief; and Mr. Menteith led the great lady back to her carriage.

At sunset that day, as Marjorie left the manse and crossed over to the old churchyard, she was accosted by John Sutherland, who had been waiting at the gate some time in expectation of her appearance. She gave him her hand sadly, and they stood together talking in the road.

"They tell me you are going to stop at the Castle. Is that so, Marjorie?"

"I'm not sure; maybe."

"If you go, may I come to see you there? I shan't be long in Annandale. In a few weeks I am going back to London."

He paused, as if expecting her to make some remark; but she did not speak, and her thoughts seemed far away.

"Marjorie," he continued, "I wish I could say something to comfort you in your trouble, for, though my heart is full, I can hardly find my tongue. It seems as if all the old life was breaking up under our feet and carrying us far asunder. For the sake of old times we shall be friends still, shall we not?"

"Yes, Johnnie, of course," was the reply. "You've aye been very good to me."

"Because I loved you, Marjorie. Ah, don't be angry—don't turn away—for I'm not going to presume again upon our old acquaintance. But now that death has come our way, and all the future seems clouding, I want to say just this—that come what may, I shall never change. I'm not asking you to care for me—I'm not begging you this time to give me what you've maybe given to another man; but I want you to be sure, whatever happens, that you've one faithful friend at least in the world, who would die to serve you, for the sake of what you were to him lang syne."

The words were so gentle, the tone so low and tender, the manner of the man so full of melancholy sympathy and respect that Marjorie was deeply touched.

"Oh, Johnnie," she said, "you know I have always loved you—always trusted you, as if you were my brother."

"As your brother, then, let it be," answered Sutherland sadly. "I don't care what title it is, so long as it gives me the right to watch over you."

To this Marjorie said nothing. She continued to walk quietly onward, and Sutherland kept by her side. Thus they passed together through the churchyard and came to the spot where Mr. Lorraine was at rest. Here she fell upon her knees and quietly kissed the grave.

Had Sutherland been less moved by his own grief, he might have noticed something strange in the girl's manner, for she kissed the ground almost passionately, and murmured between her sobs, "Good-by, good-by!"

She was recalled to herself by Sutherland's voice.

"Don't cry, Marjorie," he said.

"Ah, I can't help it," she sobbed. "You are all so good to me—far better than I deserve."

They left the churchyard together, and wandered back to the manse gate. When they paused again, Sutherland took her hand and kissed it.

"Good-by, Johnnie."

"No, not good-by. I may come and see you again, Marjorie, mayn't I, before I go away?"

"Yes," she returned, "if—if you like."

"And, Marjorie, maybe the next time there'll be folk by, so that we cannot speak. I want you to promise me one thing before we part this night."

"What do you wish?" said Marjorie, shrinking half fearfully away.

"Only this, that as you've given me a sister's love, you'll give me also a sister's trust; I want to think when I'm away in the great city that if you were in trouble you'd send right away to me. Just think always, Marjorie, that I'm your brother, and be sure there isn't a thing in this world I wouldn't do for you."

He paused, but Marjorie did not answer; she felt she could not speak. The unselfish devotion of the young man touched her more than any of his ardent love-making had done.

"Marjorie, will you promise me——"

"Promise what?"

"To send to me if you're in trouble—to let me be your brother indeed."

She hesitated for a moment; then she gave him her hand.

"Yes, Johnnie, I promise," she said. "Good-by."

"No; good-night, Marjorie."

"Good-night," she repeated, as she left his side and entered the manse.

About ten o'clock that night, when all the inmates of the manse had retired to rest, and Marjorie was in her room about to prepare for bed, she was startled by hearing a sharp, shrill whistle just beneath her window. She started, trembling, sat on the side of her bed and listened.

In a few minutes the sound was repeated. This time she ran to the window, opened it and put out herhead.

"Who is it?" she asked softly. "Is any one there?"

"Yes, Marjorie. It is I, Leon; come down!"

Trembling more and more, Marjorie hurriedly closed the window, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders, and noiselessly descended the stairs. The next minute she was in the Frenchman's arms. He clasped her fervently to him. He kissed her again and again as he said:

"To-morrow night, Marjorie, you will come to me."

The girl half shrank away as she said:

"So soon—ah, no!"

"It is not too soon for me, little one," returned the Frenchman, gallantly, "for I love you—ah! so much, Marjorie, and every hour seems to me a day. Listen, then: You will retire to bed to-morrow night in the usual way. When all the house is quiet and everyone asleep you will wrap yourself up in your traveling cloak and come down. You will find me waiting for you here. Do you understand me, Marjorie?"

"Yes, monsieur, I understand, but—"

"But what, my love?"

"I was thinking of my things. How shall I get them away?"

"Parbleu!—there must be no luggage. You must leave it all behind, and bring nothing but your own sweet self."

"But," continued Marjorie, "I must have some clothes to change."

"Most certainly; you shall have just as many as you wish, my little love. But we will leave the old attire, as we leave the old life, behind us. I am not a poor man, Marjorie, and when you are my wife, all mine will be all yours also. You shall have as much money as you please to buy what you will. Only bring me your own sweet self, Marjorie—that will be enough."

With such flattery as this the Frenchman dazzled her senses until long past midnight; then, after she had made many efforts to get away, he allowed her to return to the house.

During that night Marjorie slept very little; the next day she was pale and distraught. She wandered about the house in melancholy fashion; she went up to the churchyard several times and sat for hours beside her foster-father's grave. She even cast regretful looks towards Annandale Castle, and her eyes were constantly filled with tears.

At length it was all over. The day was spent; the whole household had retired, and Marjorie sat in her room alone. Her head was ringing, her eyes burning, and her whole body trembling with mingled fear and grief—grief for the loss of those whom she must leave behind—fear for that unknown future into which she was about to plunge. She sat for a minute or so on the bed trying to collect her thoughts; then she wrote a few hurried lines, which she sealed and left on her dressing-table.

After that was done, she looked over her things, and collected together one or two trifles—little mementos of the past, which had been given to her by those she held most dear, and which were doubly precious to her, now that she was going away. She lingered so long and so lovingly over those treasures that she forgot to note how rapidly the time was flying on.

Suddenly she heard a shrill whistle, and she knew that she was lingering over-long. Hurriedly concealing her one or two souvenirs, she wrapped herself in her cloak, put on her hat and a very thick veil, descended the stairs, and found the Frenchman, who was waiting impatiently outside the gate.

Whither they went Marjorie scarcely knew, for in the excitement of the scene her senses almost left her. She was conscious only of being hurried along the dark road; then of being seated in a carriage by the Frenchman's side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thomas Cooper, the Chartist.

The autobiography of Thomas Cooper, the English chartist, is, as Carlyle would say, "altogether human and worthy," and one of the most fascinating records of a strange and often stormy career that can be read in any language. With a vividness that even Carlyle might envy, it describes the hard struggle of Cooper's early years—how his poor widowed mother was tempted to sell her boy to the village sweep for money with which to pay the rent of their little cottage; how he got a smattering of the three R's, and at 15 was apprenticed to a shoemaker; how he learned by hook and crook to read four languages, and acquired, besides, as much history, mathematics and science as made him a prodigy even in the eyes of educated men; how he became a schoolmaster, then a journalist, and at last, in 1840, flung himself heart and soul into the Chartist agitation. It cost him two years in Stafford gaol. Through the kind offices of Charles Kingsley he was provided with writing materials. Mixing them "with brains," he speedily produced a number of short poems and stories, a "History of Mind," and, most important of all, a vigorous and imaginative poem in the Spenserian stanza, "The Purgatory of Suicides," which has gone through several editions. It is just about four years since Thomas Cooper died, at the age of 87. He had outlived his fame, as he had outlived his Chartism. Indeed, we might say of him what an American critic said of Beecher, that, had he died sooner he would have lived longer."

Would Have One Soon.

A freak museum manager wrote a party in Kentucky naming an offer for a rope with which any man had been lynched. The party replied: "We have none on hand now, but have placed your order on file, and you are likely to hear from us soon."

IT IS THE EAGLE'S TURN TO LAUGH.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

SOON TO CONVENE; MUCH TO DO.

The Cuban and the Hawaiian Questions Likely to Be the First and Most Important to Come Up for Consideration—Republicans Control the House but Not the Senate.

(Washington Letter.)

In about a fortnight the Fifty-sixth congress of the United States will be in session with a Republican working majority in the lower house, but with a minority in the senate. It is unfortunate that the party in control of the executive branch of the government is not in a majority in the senate as well as in the house, as questions of great importance are to be considered and the responsibility for action or inaction will be laid upon the shoulders of the Republicans, even though they may be powerless to fully carry their points in the upper branch of congress.

Matters of great interest and concern will undoubtedly be presented and discussed at an early date after convention of congress. They will affect this country's relations with Spain and Japan, and are national and international in character, rather than partisan in any sense, so that their adjustment will be closely watched by foreign nations.

The most difficult question to be dealt with is that relating to Cuba. It has been intimated from time to time that congress, when convened, would not stand the indefinite and procrastinating policy pursued by Spain in connection with this government's inquiries relative to Cuba, and even that Spain's attitude toward the United States in the matter has not been satisfactory to the President. It is generally thought that one of the first questions to come up after congress convenes will be Cuba, and the state department correspondence, which has been accumulating to a certain extent, will be published and the whole situation placed before the country, as well as congress. Then it remains to see what action will be taken as to the recognition of belligerent rights in that island. It is known that the President is strongly in favor of a peaceful solution of the problem if that be possible, but that it is not the desire of the administration that Cuba shall be devastated and destroyed by the continuance of Weylerism. There is no question but that the people of the United States are, by a large majority, in sympathy with the Cubans and desire to see, in some way, the freedom of the island accomplished.

Then there is the almost as important question of the annexation of Hawaii. It is safe to say also that the people of the United States, by as great a majority, favor the annexation of the islands in a territorial form of government. The annexation treaty was proclaimed by the President comparatively early in the administration and has been ratified by the Hawaiian congress. Our own senate will undoubtedly take reasonably prompt action upon it after action upon the Cuban matter.

Neither of these questions are party questions, and neither will divide congress on party lines, but nevertheless it is unfortunate that the Republicans have not a majority in the senate. The foreign policy of the Republicans has always been clear and vigorous, the Democrats being the conservatives and the illiberals, and, as above stated, the Republicans, although not in a majority in the senate, will have to bear the burden of responsibility for whatever action is taken, so that to secure their best results they should have no obstructive opposition. In any case action of some sort is probable very early in the session on these two questions.

The Democrats who have been trying to make capital against the new tariff law by pointing to the monthly treasury deficit will soon be obliged to turn their attention to other fields. While the receipts from customs under the new law have heretofore been less than the expenditures, or even than the receipts of the Wilson law during the corresponding period of last year, for very good reasons, they have been steadily gaining week by week, and now, according to the treasury figures, they are larger than they were a year ago. The prediction that the new year will see a wiping out of monthly deficits seems likely to be fulfilled. "It is simply a question of time, greater or less, which cannot be told exactly," said a treasury official, "when the new law will get into normal working order and will produce a surplus instead of a deficit. It is doing remarkably well considering the way it was handicapped by excessive importations, many of which are still in the country."

According to Attorney-General McKenna, the Government will be as fully protected in the matter of the Kansas Pacific Railroad as was the case in the Union Pacific transaction. The ownership of the Kansas Pacific is part of the scheme of the reorganization committee. The committee holds certain liens on the road which it is bound to protect. It can only protect them by getting possession of the road, and this can only come through its making bids which will clear the road of all indebtedness to the Government. The Government is master of the situation and everybody who knows anything about the facts knows this, none better than the reorganization committee. The same vigilance and intelligence will be displayed in the management of the branch road as was shown in the sale of the main road, which everybody now concedes redounded to the credit of the officials managing the sale. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

Uncle Sam's Turn Will Come.

John Bull laughs now, but Uncle Sam's turn will come when Congress passes a law for the protection of American shipping.

No Prosperity for Him.

"The long and short of this business is that we are no nearer prosperity than we were two years ago. The only benefits which have come to our people since the election of McKinley were the result of the disasters to wheat crops in foreign lands by what the law calls a "visitation of God."

Thus the Cincinnati Enquirer, whose anxiety just now is centered upon the political complexion of the new Ohio legislature. Everything depends upon that. There can be no real, simon-pure, copper-bottomed, all-wool, yard-wide, sure enough prosperity visible in the Enquirer office until John McLean succeeds in breaking into the United States Senate. Pending that consummation, civilization is a failure and progress is played out!

It Unsettles Many Theories.

"As a matter of fact," says the Lancashire Courier, "certain industries have been carried in America to a decidedly more advanced stage of development than that which they have as yet attained in the old country." Precisely so; and these American industries are increasing so rapidly in number and importance as to attract the attention of the civilized world to the results of protection in the United States. No country more than England feels the effect of America's marvelous industrial strides. It is a shock in more ways than one, this triumph of protection, for it not only tends to unsettle English faith in free trade theories, but it is hurting English trade all over the world.

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

The Democracy is rapidly losing its grip on the South. Look at the senate of the United States. Maryland is now to have two Republican senators; West Virginia has one and is likely to have another; Kentucky has one Republican and one other who refuses to co-operate with the Democrats on the currency question; Louisiana has one Democrat refusing to join with his party on the tariff; South Carolina has one and Georgia two who kicked over the traces on the tariff; North Carolina has no Democratic representative, one of her Senators being a Republican and the other a Populist; one Texan Democratic senator refuses to support free silver. In fact, the number of Southern senators who follow time-honored Democratic doctrines is becoming extremely small.

Now that Mr. Bryan has finished his attempt to "bury Mark Hanna," he can go to Mexico and congratulate the people of that country on the fact that their dollar has fallen 20 per cent in value in the past year.

The balance in favor of the United States in its trade with England was greater last year than at any time previous during the last fifteen years, if not than any previous year.

Mr. Bryan declared that he didn't see any evidence of prosperity while in Ohio. Probably the smoke of reopened factories injured his eyesight while in the state.

With two Republican senators and a Republican delegation in the house, the old state of Maryland will not be able to recognize herself in the political mirror.

Railroad earnings are at a high figure, and the bank clearances of the country were 22.2 per cent higher last week than in the corresponding week of last year.

The farmers of Ohio, Iowa, Maryland, Kansas and South Dakota showed by their votes in the recent election that free silver has no more charms for them.

People who really want to pay their debts in depreciated dollars should remove to Mexico. The silver dollars of that country have fallen 20 per cent in value in the past year, and the man who owed $1,000 a year ago can pay it with $800 worth of silver now. This is a condition that would delight the people who last year were insisting upon an opportunity to pay debts in depreciated dollars.

Mr. Bryan did not call on ex-Gov. Boies during his recent trip through Iowa.

The twelve counties of Ohio in which Mr. Bryan made speeches in the campaign just ended gave 997 more Republican majority than they did in 1896. Considering that Mr. Bryan ostentatiously announced that he "came to bury Hanna, not to praise him," this result is rather amusing—to everybody except Mr. Bryan.

"In spite of less active trade during October in most sections of the country, and the virtual stoppage of business at the South as a result of the yellow-fever scares and quarantines, the aggregate total for that month exceeded even September's immense total, and marks the heaviest month's total since January, 1893. This result was accomplished, too, with the same number of business days in the month as in September."—Bradstreet's.

With Arthur Pue Gorman beaten, Mark Hanna as good as re-elected, Republican gains in Kansas, free silver again repudiated in Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York, the Democrat who can extract comfort from the result of this year's elections must be a veritable political Mark Tapley.

What has become of that trio of silver advocates who went to Japan to find evidence that the "gold powers" had forced the Yankees of the Orient into action recently taken in favor of the gold standard? They have been gone nearly four months and not a sound has been heard from them.

The talk of co-operation of a few Ohio Republicans with the McLean Democrats of that state in the approaching senatorial election is pronounced by Ohio men of both parties the merest "moonshine." It would be political suicide for any man who would undertake it or attempt to profit by it.

With ex-Governor Altgeld organizing a paper-money party, ex-Governor Bois denouncing the 6-to-1 proposition, Senator Stewart telling the people that they may as well fall in with prosperity and drop the silver issue, it looks as though the white metal would have few friends left by 1900.

The circulation of the country is, in round numbers, $80,000,000 greater than it was one year ago. Yet the country didn't get free coinage, and Bryan said that the only way to increase the circulating medium of the country was by the adoption of free silver. An error in judgment.

The 55th Congress had a larger number of Republicans from the South than was ever before elected to any Congress from that section. And now the 56th Congress is to have an addition to the Southern Republican strength by another Republican senator from Maryland.

The conclusions are that it was an "off year" for Hanna in Ohio.